THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Enter Barnardo *and* Franciſco, *two Sentinels.*

Bar. Who's there?
Fran. Nay anſwer me, ſtand and unfold your ſelfe.
Bar. Long live the King.
Fran. Barnardo?
Bar. Hee.
Fran. You come moſt carefully upon your houre.
Bar. 'Tis now ſtrooke twelve: get thee to bed *Franciſco.*
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,
And I am ſicke at heart.
Bar. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouſe ſtirring.
Bar. Well, goodnight:
If you doe meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus,*
The rivalls of my watch, bid them make haſte.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand ho: who is there?
Hora. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Liegemen to the Dane.